

DOOR OPEN FOR ALL.

There Is Not Monopoly in the Christian Religion.

Dr. Talmage's Timely Discourse on Occasion of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Bowers Mission in New York.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch.]
New York, Jan. 23.

On the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the Bowers mission, January 13, Dr. Talmage preached to a vast audience at the New York Academy of Music. Ministers of all denominations were present. The text was, John 10:10: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

There is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a little property that we can fence off and have all to ourselves. It is not a king's park, at which we look through a barred gateway, wishing that we might go in and see the statuary and the deer and the royal conservatory. No; it is a Father's orchard, and everywhere there are bars that we may let down and gates that we may swing open.

In my boyhood, next to the country schoolhouse there was an orchard of apples owned by a very lame man, who, although there were apples in the place perpetually decaying and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. Sometimes the lads of the school in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who were ruined by the same temptation, invaded that orchard, but they soon retreated, for the man came after them at a speed reckless of making his lameness worse and cried out: "Boys, drop those apples, or I will set the dog on you."

Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the church under severe guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world, but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accounting outsiders, as though they had no business there, though the Lord wants to come and take the choicest and the ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea that because you were baptized at eight months of age, and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences, you therefore have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out and taking up the entire room? I tell you no. You will have to haul in your elbows, for we will place on either side of you those whom you never expected would sit there, for, as Christ said to His people long ago, so He says to you and to me: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

McDonald, the Scotchman, has thousands of head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lying down under the trees, some are strolling over the mountains, some of them are in his yard. They are scattered all around in many places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says: "I see you have 36 sheep. I have just counted them." "No," says McDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than you found in this yard. Some are here, and some are elsewhere. I have 4,000 or 5,000 in my flock. 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.'" So Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians and there is a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pentecostal fold, the only difference between these last two being the way in which they wash the sheep, and so they are scattered all over. And we come with our statistics and say there are so many thousands of the Lord's sheep, but Christ responds: "No; you have not seen more than one out of a thousand of my flock. They are scattered all over the earth. 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.'"

Of all the merciful institutions which bless this city not one more thoroughly enters into the spirit of the text than does the Bowers mission, whose twentieth anniversary we to-day celebrate. During the past year 4,000 souls have been saved through its instrumentality, and during its existence it has put its temporal and spiritual benediction upon hundreds of thousands of the poor and suffering and lost. With the bread of this life in one hand and the bread of eternal life in the other it is doing a stupendous work, and to all of its patrons Christ is saying: "I was hungry, and ye fed me, naked, and ye clothed me, sick and in prison, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it to me." It is through this Gospel that New York is to be taken for God, and America for God, and the world for God. There are two classes of hearers in this audience whom I especially address, the friends of this institution who have come out to show their interest in the work, and the other class made up of those who are astray, but want to get back, have fallen, but want to rise.

We need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world and let them know that none are so broken-hearted or hard-set that they will not be welcomed. "No," says some fastidious Christian, "I do not like to be crowded in church. Do not put anyone in my pew." My brother, what will you do in Heaven when a great multitude that no man can number assemble? They will put you in your pew. What are the people assembled in Christian churches compared with the multitudes millions outside? Some churches are like a hospital, that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or run-rounds, but no broken heads, no crushed ankles or fractured limbs. Being there for treatment moderate

sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as if a man had a farm of 3,000 acres and put all his work on one acre. He might raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, still he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small enclosure. But the field is the world. That means Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and all the islands of the sea.

I have to remark that the Heavenly shepherd will find many sheep amid the nonchurchgoers. There are congregations where they are all Christians, and they seem to be completely finished, and they remind one of the skeleton leaves which by chemical preparation have had all the greenness and verdure taken off them and are left cold and white and delicate, nothing wanting but a glass case to put over them. The minister of Christ has nothing to do with such Christians but to come once a week and with ostrich feather dust off the accumulation of the last six days, leaving them bright and crystalline as before. But the other kind of church is an armory, with perpetual sound of drum and rifle, gathering recruits for the Lord of Hosts and saying to every applicant: "Do you want to be on God's side, the safe side and the happy side? If so, come in the armory and get equipped. Here is a bath in which to be cleansed. Here are sandals to put on your feet. Here is a helmet for your head. Here is a breastplate for your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the battlefield. Quit yourselves like men."

I remark again the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many of his sheep among those who are now rejecters of Christianity. Some of the mightiest advocates of the Gospel were once skeptics. Thomas Chalmers once a skeptic. Robert Hall a skeptic. Christmas Evans a skeptic. Charles G. Finney a skeptic. Paul, the apostle, once a skeptic. But when once with strong hand they laid hold of the Gospel chariot they rolled it on with what momentum! I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. It may have been through the infidel talk of some young man in the store or shop or factory. It may have been through the trickery of some professed Christian man who disgusted you with religion. It may be that 30 years ago you lost all faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or if they did there was no sign of oil produced. But the president of the company was a Presbyterian elder and the treasurer an Episcopalian veryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader and the other officers prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were got out telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. The circular had all the hues of earth and sea and sky. The letters flamed with all the beauty of gold and jasper and amethyst. Innocent men and women who had a little money to invest, and that little they all said: "I do not know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent and taking stock in it must be almost as good as joining the church." So they bought their stock and perhaps received one dividend to keep them still. But after awhile they found that the company had reorganized and had a different president, a different treasurer and different directors. Other engagements or an overcoming modesty had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign, and all that the subscribers for the stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man, looking over his old papers comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he wishes he were one of the religion that the president and directors of that oil company professed.

Or you may have become skeptical from the fact that you grew up in a home where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day in the week. You had religion driven into you with a trip hammer. You were sanctified with prayer meetings. You were stuffed and choked with catechisms. You were often told that you were the worst boy your parents ever knew because you liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Whenever your father and mother talked religion they drew down the corners of their mouths and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing would send a boy to ruin sooner than another, that is it.

But I do not stop now to know how you came into rejection of Christianity. You frankly tell me that you do reject it. You do not believe that Christ is a Divine being, although you admit that He was a very good man. You do not believe that the Bible was inspired of God, although you think there are some very fine things in it. You believe that the Scriptural description of Eden was only an allegory. There are 50 things that I believe that you do not believe, and yet you are an accommodating man. Everybody that knows you says that of you. If I should ask you to do a kindness for me or if anyone else should ask of you a kindness, you would do it. If, when you are ill, I should come to you with a vial of medicine and say: "This kind of medicine cured 50 people who were just as badly off as you are; take it," and you replied: "I do not want to take it; I have no confidence in it," I would say: "Take it to oblige me," and you would say: "Well, if it will accommodate you I will take it." Now, you have found that this world is insupportable and you are sick of sin. I come to you with a Gospel medicine. It has cured hundreds and thousands and millions. Will you take it? "No," you say, "I have no confidence in it." Take it, then, to oblige me. I tell you of a Phy-

sician who has cured more blind eyes, and bound up more broken hearts, and healed more ghastly wounds than all the doctors since the time of Esculapius. Be obliging and just make the experiment. If you are not acquainted with the ordinary modes of prayer, say in substance: "O Lord Jesus, this is a strange thing for me to do. I know nothing about the formulas of religion. These Christian people have been talking so long about what thou canst do for me I am ready to do whatever thou commandest me. If there be any power in religion, as these people say, let me have the advantage of it." Will you not try that experiment?

I do not now say there is anything in religion. Do not take my counsel or the counsel of any clergyman, for you may dislike clergymen. Perhaps we may talk professionally. Perhaps we may be prejudiced in the matter. Perhaps our advice is not worth taking. Then take the counsel of some very respectable layman, as John Milton, the poet; as William Wilberforce, the emancipator; as Isaac Newton, the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician; as Morse, the telegrapher; as Washington, the statesman. They never preached or pretended to preach, yet, putting down one his telescope and another his parliamentary scroll and another his electrician's wire, came forth and commended the religion of Christ as the best thing for the cure of the world's woes. If you will not take the recommendation of ministers of the Gospel, take the recommendation of highly respectable laymen.

Oh, men, skeptical and struck through with unrest! I beg you to come off that great Sahara desert of doubt into the bright and luxuriant land of Gospel hope and peace. You do not want your children to come up in that skepticism. If you do not believe in anything else, you believe in love—a father's love, a mother's love, a wife's love, a child's love. Then let me tell you that God loves you more than all these together. The great heart of Christ aches to have you come in, and He looks into your eyes this moment, saying: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Again, I remark that the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many of the sheep among those who have been full of evil habit. They were all cheated into sin. The spider does not say to the fly: "Come into the web where I kill insects." Oh, no. The spider says: "Dearest fly, come and talk a morning walk with me on this suspension bridge of gossamer glittering with diamonds of dew." Do not be hard on those gone astray. It makes me sad to see Christian people give up a prodigal as lost. There are those who talk as though the grace of God were a chain of 40 or 50 links and that when they had run out there was nothing left to touch a bad case. If they were hunting and got off the track of the deer, they would look long among the brakes and bushes for the lost game than they would look for that lost soul.

They talk about the catacombs of Naples and the catacombs of Rome and the catacombs of Egypt, the great burial places under the city where is the dust of many generations passed on, but I tell you New York has its catacombs and Washington its catacombs and all our cities their catacombs. They are underground liquor dives, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. There is no need of going into the art gallery to see in skillful sculpture that wonderful representation of a man and his sons wound round with serpents. There are families represented here to-day that are wrapped in the martyrdom of lying and scale and venom, a living Laocoon of ghostliness and horror.

There is only one class of persons about whom I am disheartened, and they are the Gospel hardened. They have been faithful in attendance at churches for 20, 30 and 40 years, yet never have surrendered themselves to God. As Christ says: "Publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before them." They have resisted all the importunity of divine mercy and have gone through most powerful outpourings of religious feeling, and they are farther away from God than ever. After awhile they will be down sick, and some day it will be told that they are dead. No hope!

But I turn to outsiders with an expectation that thrills through me, body and soul. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." You are not Gospel hardened. You have not heard many sermons during the last few years. You feel the Holy Ghost this moment in your heart. You do not weep, but the tear is not far off. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is always a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those here who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly? Alas, for the future! Everything is so dark, so very dark! God help me! God pity me!" Thank the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition, God steps in and beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennel and round about the poor wounded soul puts the covert of his pardoning mercy. Hark! I hear something fall. What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheepfold. The Shepherd lets down the bars, and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in, some of them their fleeces torn with brambles, some of them their feet lamed with the dogs, but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

Mr. Andrew D. White, the United States ambassador at Berlin, has been elected a member of the Berlin Academy of Science.

KANSAS CLIPS AND COMMENTS

The Newton Kansan neatly laid Queen Victoria to rest last Monday.

Two thieves in the Erie jail proved their incorrigibility by stealing away in the night recently.

The Ft. Scott Lantern, with entertaining Populistic logic, blames the Leavenworth hanging wholly on Governor Stanley.

Mr. Flannely of Oswego finds little trouble in pulling wool over his neighbors eyes and then chewing the rag with them about it.

Samuel Faust has shaken the Emporia dirt off his feet and gone to Oklahoma where he hopes for more Goethe, doubtless.

The Hutchinson Bee thinks that that 90 year old Coffeyville physician who is preparing a lecture on longevity "will have to hurry."

The mayor of Hiawatha has resigned because a majority of the council refused to leave a revival meeting long enough to attend council meeting.

Galena is lying awake nights trying to solve the mystery of a strange woman found in an alley on Tuesday who went to sleep and is still sleeping.

That Wathena banker who suicided selected an undertaking room as the scene of his final earthly act. Hence the mystery that shrouds his motives.

The Troy Chief rather shies at the belief that the expression "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may," was ever meant for a poker game.

When the jointists of Toronto saw in the Republican that "Mrs. Row arrived today from Servey," its dollars to doughnuts they gasped, "Mrs. Nation, by thunder!"

The Clay Center Times rejoices that one human pest—the boy attending military school who comes home and wears his uniform around—isn't afflicted on that town.

A Cedarvale merchant promises to give a pair of shoes to every baby born in 1901, simply stipulating that the kid must have gone barefooted before opening the account.

The Messenger says P. N. Sandbag, has been arrested for beating his wife, but no matter what the law does he will probably never reform but remain a sandbagger to the end.

A Pittsburg merchant advertises that he intends to dispose of every stitch of winter underwear he owns this month. Here's betting he's all goose flesh before February 1.

The Kansas audience is now giving attention to that part of the minstrel show being presented by the Creamery-Cattleman combination, known in stage parlance as "the oleo."

The sheriff of Stevens county offered a reward for the capture of two fugitives who are thought to be hiding in the sand hills, and the editor headed the announcement, "Cash paid for hides."

There is little doubt that much of the impatience shown by country people over Topeka's greed has arisen from annoyance at the man from that town who broke extensively into print by simply swallowing a small opal.

Despite Mrs. Nation's crusade, Oswatimie continues to condole with the man who goes on a whiz. Even the preacher called and sympathized with the miller who caught his coat tails in a shaft whirling at 150 whirls a minute.

The Leavenworth Chronicle jumps on to the Leavenworth county men in the Legislature who expressed themselves ashamed of themselves for the Alexander affair, and promises retribution at the polls because they didn't say they were proud of the outrage.

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THE WORLD, Pulitzer Bldg., New York

The St. Marys Eagle says that town is full of girls with "pretty non-kissed faces."

An organization of Galena men follow the dogs regularly in the expectation of securing up a fox.

A bright Emporia boy is figuring on feeding the family cow liquid air and peddling ice cream next summer.

There are 1,066,456 cherry trees in the state and if one George Washington cannot be scared up it's a howling shame.

The Fredonia Citizen suggests that if Topeka wants a \$300,000 exposition she study the advertising of Jones, of Binghamton, N. Y.

W. H. Barnes has published a creditable paper on the Kansas Peach, but he erred in not mentioning the kissable with the edible variety.

The Olathe Mirror established in 1857 claims to be the oldest paper in Kansas and says no living man remembers when it didn't have the city and county printing.

A new circus starts next summer from Beloit to win fame. It has 55 people, 30 horses, 12 wagons and 2 hacks, most of which probably belong more properly in a museum.

When that Chetopa man who has taken and paid for the Advance for 32 years goes hence all the column rules will be turned and the devil locked up until the old subscriber has secured a good start.

Death came to a little Pittsburg boy beneath the wheels of a farm wagon and to a little Chanute girl beneath those of a milk wagon. The angel of death has more disguises than Pat Crowe.

The Presbyterian ladies of Cherryvale, gave a home talent concert and the crowd appeared as soon as it was known that Mrs. Mabel Chick-Chew was to sing. Chick-Chews draw a crowd even when simply on a bill of fare.

Tobacco chewers at Arkansas City get even with the city duds for a sootying-on-the-sidewalk ordinance, by occupying seats in the balcony at the opera house and squirting down on their heads. It is said the ordinance doesn't cover this.

That good soul who is trying to lump the Wichita and Leavenworth sensations into one story is wrong. The original Cleopatra, whose picture was smashed at Wichita never knew the Antonies of Leavenworth. It was old Marc, a Roman, she cut high jinks with.

The Augusta Journal tells how a man arose for the first time since the year he was married and built the fire for his wife, as a surprise on her birthday. When he went to call her he found her dead, her life having slipped away at the first rattle of the poker against the stove.

A sweet society girl of Hutchinson who had given her heart to an unresponsive man of that town took a razor and tried to carve it out of him Saturday night. She didn't carve quite big enough an opening for his little measly spirit to escape and he still surrounds the heart.

Wichita Eagle: A party of hunters out in Pratt county broke a rod on their wagon and called at the farm near, and asked the Irishman who came out if he had a monkey-wrench. "Have I a monkey-wrench?" he said. "Have I? Well, I have a cow ranch, but I don't believe there is any man in this country danged fool enough to have a monkey ranch."

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

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Sold by druggists, 75c.
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Correspondent Wanted.

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(First published Jan. 11, 1901.)
Notice of Final Settlement.

STATE OF KANSAS, ss.
ALLEN COUNTY.
In the Probate Court in and for said county. In the matter of the estate of William Malt deceased.

Creditors and all other persons interested in the aforesaid estate are hereby notified that I shall apply to the Probate Court, in and for said county, sitting at the court house, in Iola, county of Allen, state of Kansas, on the 12th day of February, A. D. 1901, for a full and final settlement of said estate.

(First published Jan. 11, 1901.)
Notice of Appointment.

STATE OF KANSAS, ss.
ALLEN COUNTY.
In the matter of the estate of W. J. Stafford, late of Allen county, Kansas.

Notice is hereby given that on the 9th day of January, A. D. 1901, the undersigned was by the Probate Court of Allen county, Kansas, duly appointed and qualified as executor of the estate of W. J. Stafford, late of Allen county, deceased. All parties interested in said estate will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

MARY E. STAFFORD, Executor.

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